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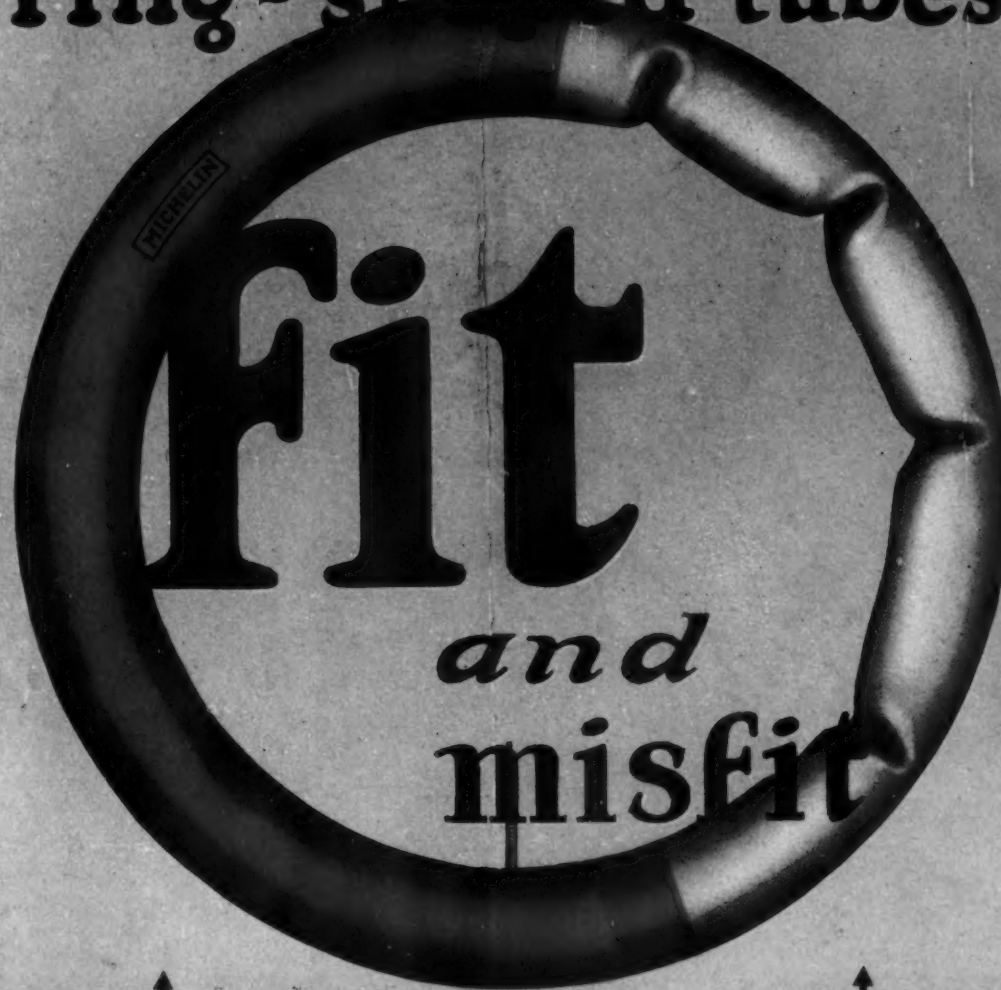
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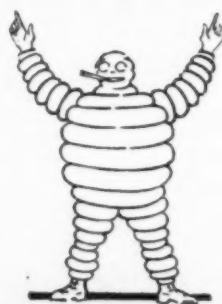
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Michelin Red Inner
Tubes being ring-
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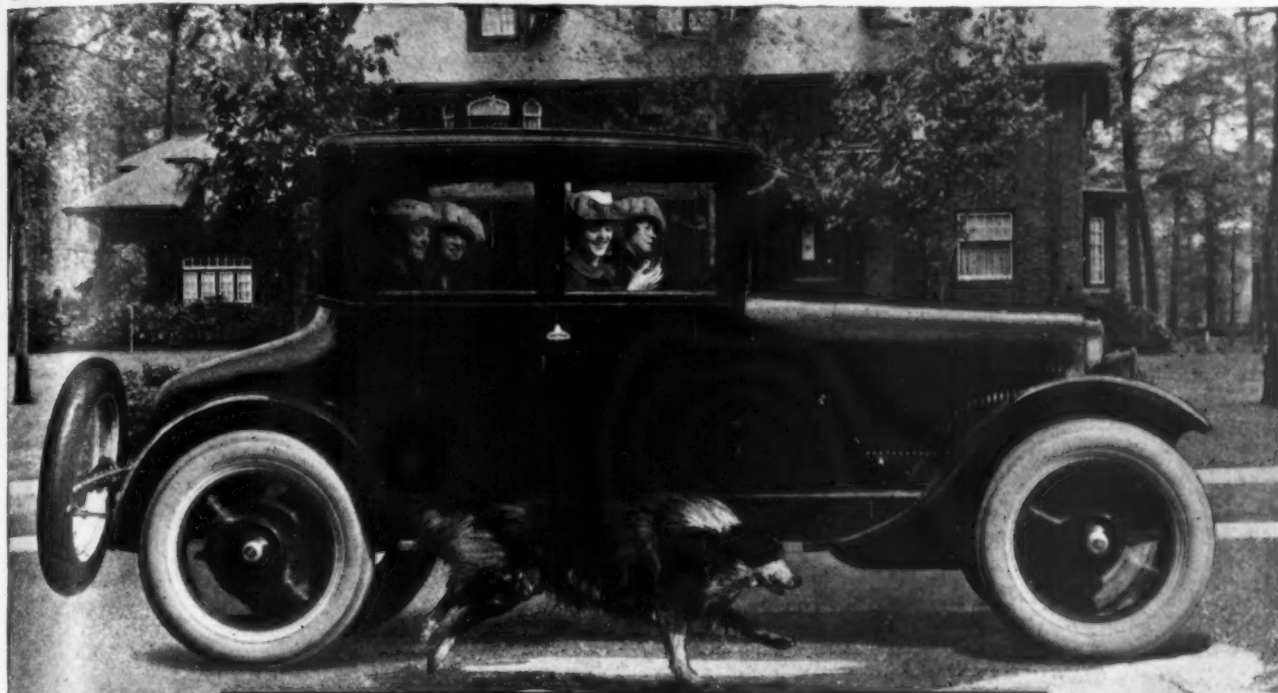
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straight must wrinkle
or stretch in an at-
tempt to conform to
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STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

LIFE

Ballade of the Yellow Papers

HOPE springs eternal! Well it may;
 Let's hope that it may go on springing!
 For who could live another day,
 Without its optimistic singing?
 With all this deadly doleful dinging
 Of blood and tears and crazy capers
 That greets us at each day's beginning—
 If one believed the yellow papers!

Best not believe a word they say,
 Their mud and blood forever flinging,
 If we would go our peaceful way;
 With all their stench and their stinging,
 We cannot 'scape some poison clinging;
 How keep alight our moral tapers,
 Or our immortal souls up-wing—
 If one believed the yellow papers?

How work, or meditate, or pray,
 Within our ears this Babel ringing?
 How can we have the heart to play,
 With all these woes our bowels wringing;
 Each pestilent edition bringing
 New filth to feed the gossip-gapers,
 The long-eared public slyly "stringing"—
 If one believed the yellow papers!

Envoi.

Prince, they talk much of your un-kinging,
 These world bashaws and scandal-shapers:
 Believe them not—we'd all be swinging,
 If one believed the yellow papers!

Richard Le Gallienne.



ANY DAY IN ENGLAND

Fond English Mother: CONGRATULATIONS, HAROLD. NOW THAT YOUR FIRST BOOK IS PUBLISHED,
 YOU CAN GO OVER AND LECTURE TO THE AMERICANS.

The Thoughts of Hermione

The Modern Young Woman

ISN'T Dadaism just simply wonderful! We're taking it up in quite a thorough way . . . I and my little group of advanced thinkers. We gave a whole evening to it last week, and threshed it out completely.

It's so . . . so . . . well, spiritual, if you get what I mean.

Of course, Bahaism is spiritual too. But what a difference!

Although poor dear Mama doesn't see the difference at all. Mama isn't the least bit advanced, you know, and she thinks most of the modern movements and causes have something to do with Sex. Of course, a great many of them do!

"Hermione," Mama said to me, "I wish you would drop Dadaism and Bahaism. I do not think it is at all proper for a young unmarried woman to give so much of her time to Dadaism and Bahaism."

"Mama," I told her, "I will express myself! Dadaism and Bahaism are necessary to my self-expression."

"When I was a young lady," Mama said, "unmarried women did not give so much time to Child Culture. They waited until they were married before they thought it proper to take such things up."

Poor, dear Mama, you know, thought Dadaism and Bahaism had something to do with bringing up babies. Just fancy!

"Dadaism has nothing whatever to do with children," I said. "What did you think it was?"

It seems, you know, that she had thought it was one of the Causes that declare that Every Woman has a Right to Choose the Father of Her Children. And, of course, she has. I believe in respect to one's parents, but every now and then I have to settle Mama, if you know what I mean.

"I will choose the Father of My Children!" I told her. "And there is no use of your trying to make an old-fashioned, mid-Victorian, Parasite Woman out of

me! And if I meet with much more opposition and persecution in my home, I shall leave—and live my Own Life!"

That always settles her, when I threaten that. I made Papa give me the money to make the stable over into a studio, and when I tell Mama that I intend to live in it and Lead my Own Life, she just sits down and covers her face with her hands

ing them up too. I don't care how radical things are if they are only proper at the same time. But I want you to promise me that if you do choose the Dada for your own children it will be somebody that your Papa and I can respect!"

She is so stupid!

"Mama," I said, "I am Modern! And you haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about! And the father of my children must be my spiritual affinity, no matter if he is married or not."

She didn't say anything more, then. She just sat and moaned.

You see, she had happened to overhear a little discussion we were having—my little group and I, you know—on the question: "Is Marriage Doomed?" And she heard Fothergil Finch, the *vers libre* poet, say: "Marriage is always Indecent!" And that got all mixed up in her head with Dadaism, and the poor dear thought . . .

Well, she thought we were all going to take up Eugenics in a serious way without bothering with matrimony, if you get what I mean.

There are so many Causes these days, aren't there?

It's a wonderful epoch! Just simply wonderful!

Don Marquis.

Enter, Madame

"MADAME, thrice welcome to our shores."

"LIFE, I respond completely to all your gestures of generosity, and yet—"

"Have no hesitancy in confiding to a true friend of yourself, and of France—"

"I am bewildered by the

lights of—of—"

"American publicity? Ah, madame, that is the price that true modesty pays for radioactivity. Do not mind. In spite of our warmth we honor you above all women, always remembering—"

"Yes, LIFE."

"Beloved Madame Curie, that a permanent ounce of radium is worth a pound of ephemeral Republican Embraces."



Receiving Teller: WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE MANAGER FOR?

Newsboy: WELL, IF HE LOOKS LIKE A SQUARE GUY, I'M GOIN' TO PUT A DOLLAR IN HERE.

and rocks herself back and forth and cries.

The world's Leaders in Thought have always met with opposition in their homes. Martyrdom and Persecution and Misunderstanding! . . . that is what we expect.

Mama didn't understand even after I had explained to her! "Hermione," she said, "I never interfere with any of your radical causes when Nice People are tak-

The Herford Aesop

Copy, 1921, by Oliver Herford.



THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG

A FARMER once a Goose possessed
That laid each morning in her nest
A Golden Egg, to him, indeed,
A fortune. Yet such was his greed
He grew in time suspicious lest
One Egg per day were not the best
The Goose could do. "I'm satisfied,"
Said he, "she has in her inside,
A mint of Gold." And so the dunce,
Thinking to get it all at once,
Killed her and found to his chagrin
Just flesh and feathers, bones and skin,
And other things no earthly use
To anyone except a Goose.



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

A BUSY Ant one Summer day
Was storing grains of wheat away
For winter food. A Grasshopper
Paused in his song to laugh at her.
"Why do you work so hard?" said he;
"Summer's the time for jollity!"
The Ant said nothing. By and by
Came winter with the frowning sky
And frozen meadows; came also
The Grasshopper, with tale of woe.
"Help me, for pity's sake!" cried he.
"No," said the Ant, "you mocked at me
Last summer; now you ask to share
My harvest. All I have to spare
Is GOOD ADVICE: Exchange your gift
Of song and dance for honest thrift!"



Questions That Ought to be Answered

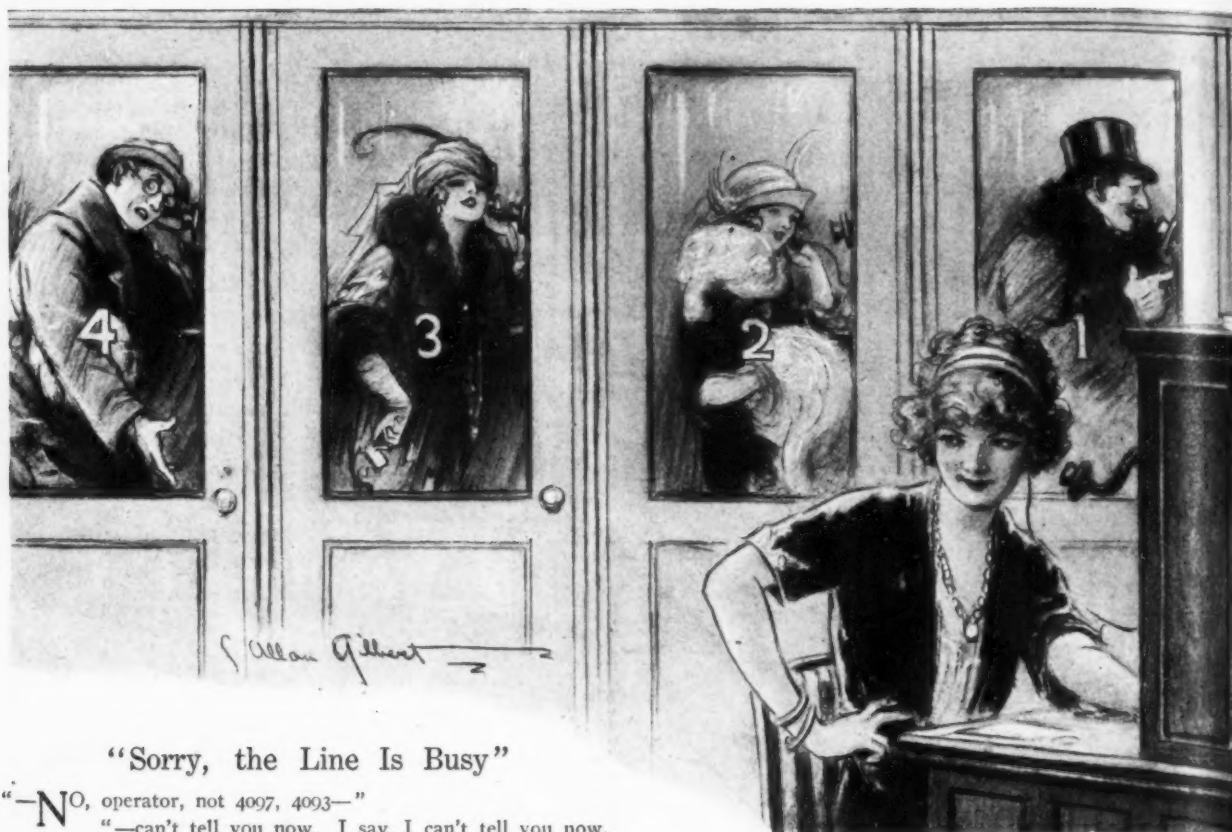
IF the future stability of this country depends upon how soon and how completely immigrants are made over into good Americans, why is it that our foreign language press is more extensive, and growing faster, than in any other country on earth? Why have a foreign language press?

Why are not those who deal in the necessities of life, such as coal-dealers, compelled to publish in the press an itemized statement of their profits?

Last year at least 450,000 children in this country (considerably more than the total college attendance), were denied education because of crowded class rooms, or a lack of teachers. Who is responsible?

Why are the cases of disabled soldiers who have been neglected by the government through red tape and bureaucratic incompetence, increasing instead of diminishing?

Why is Mayor Hylan?



"Sorry, the Line Is Busy"

"—NO, operator, not 4097, 4093—"

"—can't tell you now. I say, I can't tell you now. Well, because I can't. I don't want to say it over the telephone. I say, I don't want to—"

"—you, Wallie? Guess who this is talking. No, you must guess. I won't tell you who it—"

"—awfully sorry, dear, but I'm tied up down-town. Now you just go right ahead and have a nice little dinner by yourself, and I'll be—"

"—is this 4093? I beg your pardon. Will you ring off, please? Hello, operator—"

"—met him just as I was coming in here, and he said—isn't this an awful connection? I say, isn't this an awful connection? You'll simply die when you hear what he said. I say, you'll simply die when you hear—Oh, I couldn't now. Wait till the next time I see you—"

"—can't you guess? Oh, you can so, too. This is someone you know very well. No, I will not tell you—"

"—know you are, dear, and I'm disappointed, too. I was looking forward to getting home early to-night. Thought we could have a nice, quiet evening together—"

"—4093? Oh, will you kindly get off the wire? I realize that, madam, and I'm sure I don't want to talk to you, either. I don't doubt that for a moment, but even though you are a lady, would you please hang up your receiver? Listen, operator, this is the second time—"

"—asked him how his wife was, and you'll just scream when I tell you what— Oh, can't you hear me? Well, remind me to tell you when I see you. Oh, I don't like to, now. I always feel that someone may be listening—"

"—how did you know? Some little guesser, aren't you? Say, listen, Wallie, where do you think I am now? You'd never imagine in a thousand—"

"—can't help these things, you know, dear. You read a nice book, and get to bed nice and early, and the first thing you know I'll be home—"

"—4093? What? Speak up, can't you? I said, is this 4093? What's the matter with you, anyway, can't you understand English? Oh, is that so? Never mind that kind of talk—all I want to hear from you is, is this 4093? Yes, that's so! Ye-es, you would—you'd do a whole lot if you were here, you would! Get off the wire, will you? Listen, operator, there is no 5 in that number, it's—"

"—so I told him I couldn't this week, because I was too busy, and he said— I say, I told him I couldn't this week, and he said— I'd better wait and tell you when I see you. Only the other day my sister-in-law was talking to her butcher, and there was someone on the wire all the time, and they heard every word— I say, my sister-in-law was talking to her butcher, and—"

"—bet you don't know what I did this afternoon! You don't know the half of it! Oh, go on—try to guess. Oh, call you up to-morrow? Fair enough, Wallie, I'll do that little thing for you. Well, olive oil,—see you in church. Don't take any flannel money, and don't drink unless you're thirsty. And listen, Wallie, don't do anything that I wouldn't—"

"—bother to wait up. You get a nice rest, and I'll be home as early as I can make it, just as soon as I can finish things up down here—"

"—4093? No, I want 4093. Ring off, can't you? Operator, let me speak to the manager—"

Dorothy Parker.

NO girl would ask her new skirt to fit her right down to the ground.



The Maiden: IN GOD'S NAME, HASTEN, SIR KNIGHT! SAVE ME!
Sir Launcelot: NOT SO FAST, MY GOOD GIRL! THE REPORTERS HAVE NOT YET ARRIVED; BESIDES,
 THERE ARE THE SERIAL RIGHTS AND THE MOTION PICTURE ROYALTIES TO BE CONSIDERED.



Drawn by C. F. PETERS.

Post-war Millionaire (to architect): IT'S THIS WAY: MOTHER HERE IS STRONG FOR QUEEN ANNE, SUSIE WANTS IT GEORGIAN, AND GEORGE HAS SET HIS MIND ON THAT LOUIS FELLER. WHAT I SAY IS, BUILD THE HOUSE TO SUIT 'EM ALL. I CAN AFFORD IT.

Denatured Anecdotes

Mr. Hearst and the Prince.

MR. WILLIAM R. HEARST, who, it will be recalled, set himself the pleasant task of increasing the culture of the American people, was one day walking down the Strand with H. R. H., the young Prince of Wales. Turning suddenly to the Prince with a bright smile, Mr. Hearst observed:

"God Save the King!"

Afterwards, in commenting upon this incident, Mr. Hearst was wont to explain it by saying that what pleased him most was that there was nothing in the Prince's demeanor, so admirably did he control himself, to indicate that this well-timed ridicule had the desired effect.

The Restraint of True Greatness.

Mr. Adolph Ochs, the celebrated proprietor of the New York Times, was noted for his extreme modesty and reticence. Upon one occasion, however, while sitting quietly in a group of eminent journalists, he suddenly startled the company by exclaiming:

"Although I publish the most complete newspaper my editorials are the dulllest in the world."

It was quite generally felt at the time that he would add something more. His silence, however, was soon recognized as the highest wisdom: for there was not a man but afterwards acknowledged that he knew exactly what was meant by Mr. Ochs' pertinent remark.

Mr. Hays' Heroic Act.

When the tax on poetry, first proposed by Postmaster - General Hays in 1922, was under discussion in the lower house, it was so natural for Miss Amy Lowell, the most distinguished poetess of her time, to talk in rhymeless rhyme that she called upon the postmaster-general, and in less than eight hours recited to him her reasons against the tax.

At the conclusion of her delivery, there being present several congressmen, there was not a dry eye in the chamber, which struck the chairman so forcibly that he involuntarily exclaimed:

"Beat it!"

Mr. Hays, who at the time was entirely unaware of his presence of mind, afterwards received from his superiors a large gold medal, in commemoration of his historic conduct.

Colonel George and the King.

Colonel George Harvey, who it will be remembered was for a short time Ambassador to the Court of St. James, had many generous and engaging qualities. Upon the occasion before his departure, with the great skill which his previous experience had amply warranted, he arranged with characteristic modesty to give himself a public dinner. The affair having come off with great éclat and being loudly heralded abroad, King George, who met him at the Dock upon his arrival and who was immensely pleased with the delicacy of the genial Ambassador, said:

"You are the best fellow in the world."

It is related that some hours later, when this remark was repeated to the members

of the cabinet, a pin could have been heard to drop.

Sir Philip and Hissoner.

During the third visit of Sir Philip Gibbs to the township of Manhattan, he was set upon by a wild mob, and narrowly escaped with his life. Being concerned with the cementing of relationship between the two Anglo-Saxon countries, he bravely condescended to waive his dignity and thereupon applied to Mayor Hylan for protection. Struck with the nobleness of purpose of his distinguished guest, the Mayor clapped him roundly on the back and observed:

"Speak in German, and Oi'll save ye."

His Honor was afterwards heard repeatedly to declare that if Sir Philip had hailed from Cork, he would also have offered him a Flatbush cigar.

Mr. Chesterton's Remarkable Utterance.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, master of paradox for King George, was as amiable and excellent in private as he was upright and diffident in public life. Upon one occasion, after his American tour, his servant having let fall a bag of royalties which Mr. C. had caused to be brought into his drawing room to show to his cronies, Bennett and Shaw (doubtless to excite their envy), he observed brightly:

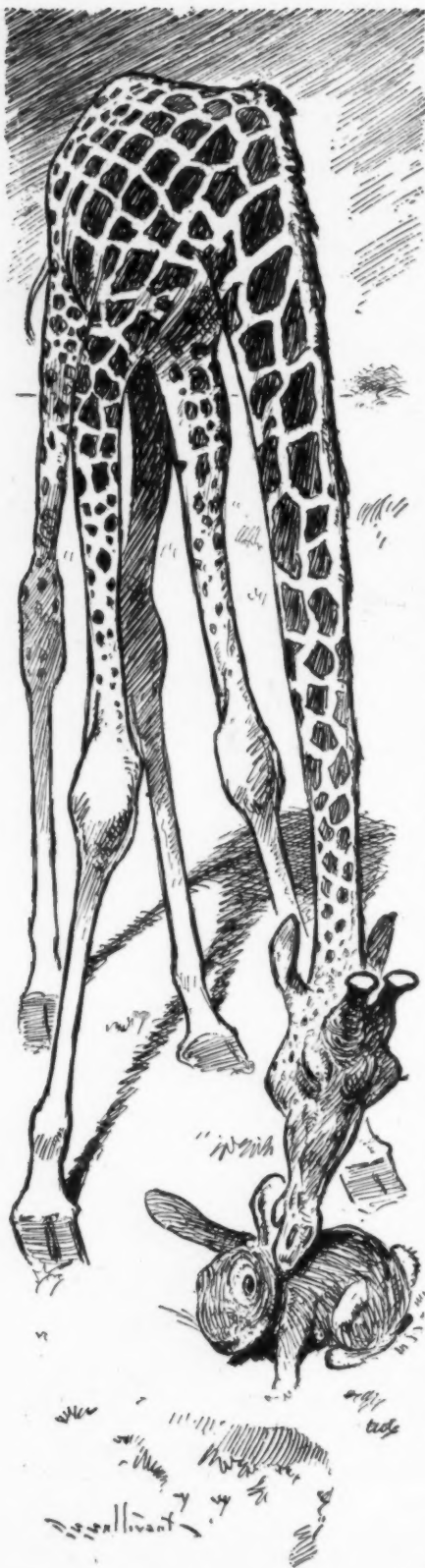
"My impressions of America are now lower than ever."

Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, to whom this quaint remark was repeated, was wont to say that he derived from it a constant source of satisfaction.



TOO MANY SUPERLATIVES

"Paul Helleu gives me a pain!"
Said America's boofulest Jane,
"He said he picked me,
And each Sunday I see
There's another—I wish he'd explain!"



THE SECRET.

Sancho Panza's Discovery

By E. V. LUCAS

SEVEN days at sea, no matter how one occupies the time, must offer a few more opportunities for detached thinking than are possible on shore when one is immersed in the routine of business. And it is not a bad thing to direct one's thoughts to the country one is approaching—America, for the English, and England, for the Americans. What kind of people are we going to meet? How are we going to behave on foreign soil? Are we going to be critical and exacting or are we going to be tolerant and easy?

Every country has delusions about other countries. That is understood. The French, for example, think the English are perfidious; the English think the French are immoral; the Scotch think the English are lacking in common sense; the English think the Scotch are mean; Americans think the English cold and reserved; the English think the Americans boastful and insincere; and so on.

Those who know make none of these mistakes, which are kept alive by the ignorant who do not suspect or analyze tradition. Those Frenchmen who know, know that the English—I speak of majorities—keep their word; and those English who know, know that the French live carefully and honorably. Those Americans who know, know that the English are sentimentalists underneath; and those English who know, know that the true American respects veracity and rejoices in opportunities for candor. As for the Scotch, one has only to be their guest to know that whatever caution they may possess is never permitted to curtail their hospitality. But the old slanders persist, and the reason for this persistence is that too many people are in a hurry and it is so easy to generalize.

What the traveler in countries not his own has to keep in mind all the while is that fact that everyone needs humoring, the few of us are at our best and at our most natural when we are in the presence of strangers. Shyness, diffidence, are very serious considerations—and yet how often are they not taken into account at all? And they manifest themselves so differently, one man becoming noisy and even a braggart when under their influence, and another shrinking into his shell; and so forth.

A compatriot of Christopher Columbus—one Sancho Panza—who was full of homespun sagacity (perhaps the best kind) once remarked that "it takes a long

time to know anybody"; and I can think of no better warning to set up on the Liberty Statue in New York Harbor or at the mouth of the Mersey, for approaching voyagers to read:

"It takes a long time to know anybody." If all Americans visiting England and all English visiting America had got that maxim well in their systems before landing, how many superficial foibles or mannerisms might never have been exalted to the stature of ingrained antipathetic blemishes, how much bad blood might have been avoided!

Sonnet to a Flivver

(After Shakespeare XVIII)

SHALL I repair thee on a summer's day?

I might use language too intemperate:
Rough roads do shake you up, as well
they may,

And guarantees have all too short a date:

Sometimes too loud your little engine whines,

And often is your paint by mud bedimmed:

To buy yet more new parts my purse declines,

By this and that garage too often trimm'd;

If thy installments long remain unpaid,
I'll lose possession of thee, that thou knowest:

Some day shall junkmen take thee for their trade,

When all to pieces finally thou goest;
So long as autos speed where cops can't see,

So long, dear Flivver, I'll not part with thee.

Ivy Kellerman Reed.

Couldn't Fool Him

TWO neighbors were chatting over the fence when Mrs. Bailey passed, smiling, down the street.

"Pretty woman, Mrs. Bailey!" remarked one. "Who was she?"

"I really have forgotten. Here's her little boy, I'll ask him. Frank, who was your mother before she was married?"

Frank regarded his questioner gravely. "She wasn't my mother before she was married," he severely replied.

WILLIE WILLIS: Pa, what's strategy?

PAPA WILLIS: Usually darn poor judgment that happens to work out all right.



ABOUT 3 A. M., SUNDAY, ONE OF AUNT JENNIE'S BOTTLES OF GRAPE JUICE BLEW UP

In the Toils of the Bolsheviki

ALL night long the drosky dashed over the snow through the darkness. Over that white-clad region not a sound could be heard except the swish of the driver's whip and the occasional howl of a wolf. Under the robes that covered them, Sonia Petrinoff clung to her sister Olga in an ecstasy of fear. At every sound she shivered. With the dawn came the inevitable. A group of wandering Cossacks surrounded them; roughly they were dragged from the sleigh amid the jeers of their captors.

Suddenly the laughter stopped; they had been recognized. At noon, heavily fettered, they stood before the magistrate, Nikolai Nikolaivitch, the "Red-Handed." "Sonia and Olga Petrinoff," he said, "you are accused of conspiracy against the Soviet Government of Russia, and of trying to escape to New York. Tell me, how, with our system of guards and spies, did you expect to be able to cross the ocean to America?"

"In a boat," replied Olga.
The End.

The Neighborhood Movement

"SEASHORE or mountains this summer?"

"Neither. I'm going to stay in town and give the local highwaymen a chance."

This Sporting Life

"DID you go to the fight last night?"

"No, I went to hear the lecture on Ireland."

"Oh—who won?"

A PREJUDICE is a conviction not shared by you.

A STONE AGE ROMANCE



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT



THE WOOING



THE ACCEPTANCE



DOMESTIC BLISS

The LATEST BOOKS



WHAT with Conan Doyle running around establishing himself as the Mack Sennett of the World Beyond, and H. G. Wells taking himself and the visible universe seriously, it looks as if the old demi-gods were arriving at the sorry stage where the mustache goes untrimmed and the post-prandial crumbs remain unbrushed from the senescent waistcoat. The thought of Sherlock Holmes trading his beloved Stradivarius for a C Melody spirit horn, and "Tono Bungay" being known to future generations as a non-alcoholic, light Catawba wine is enough to make at least one reasonably strong man weep.

Consequently, one is inclined to greet *The Mountebank* (John Lane), by William J. Locke, somewhat effusively. Placing stiff-necked Britishers in French settings, Locke has ever laid himself open to wistful gratitude. On capable feet, the Mountebank balances neatly in make-up applied with the telling subtlety of a hand that knows no *tremor senilis*. After a startling succession of books containing inner urges beating their rainbow wings against the dull wall of muddle-brained mediocrity, this Anglo-Gallic romance of an English clown turned general is as helpful as an opened window at a studio tea.

WISHING a fresh start from a family financial cataclysm, Gregory Parr purchases a decrepit taxi from its driver-owner in a New York waterfront saloon. He gets the fresh start when he discovers a dead body on the floor of the taxi. The

reader gets a fresh start every chapter or so. In *The Owl Taxi* (Doran), Hulbert Footner has evolved a tale of Central America light enough and sufficiently sinister to cozen the most casual follower of newspaper headlines.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, whose decided opinions are further gathered under the title *The Theatre, The Drama, The Girls* (Knopf), is out of the range of my light artillery. I would just as soon take a shot at the Sphinx. Unlike the Sphinx he's enough of an amiable curiosity without having his nose blown off.

I must confess that I like him. Let me also say that I like alligator pears, Rocquefort cheese dressing, oyster plant and Erik Satie. In *The Theatre, The Drama, The Girls*, there is some pishposh, some flubdub and considerable flapdoodle. Obviously sincere and with considerable knowledge, he prefers to produce his effects in much the same way as does the gentleman and scholar who places his derby hat on the bust of Marcus Aurelius. "I venerate Molière," says Nathan, "and Annette Bade's legs . . . I have a fond ear for Brahms and Irving Berlin"—preposterous posturing that is vastly entertaining for a limited time.

Once one grows familiar with the not too intricate pattern of his warp and woof, his whisker-scribbling antics prove disappointing. He amuses far more than he instructs. *Nathan Der Weise* is being constantly biffed over the head with the slapstick of *Nathan Der Kalbmoses*. However, a conversation with George W. Lederer, "the super-Ziegfeld of the early 90's," anent the ephemeral charm of the stage ex-beauty, by virtue of its actual biographical value scores heavily. Read Nathan by all means. Tempest in a wash-boiler he may be, yet he exerts a wicked influence. As a horrible example, take this review.

Henry William Hanemann.



"OH, HENRY! MY NEW SPRING HAT."



The Hall of Infamy

Drawings by W. E. HILL

Verses by ROGER BURLINGAME

V.

The Nemesis of the Ballroom

THE person here depicted I
Regard with animosity;
When I observe her I must say
I frankly look the other way;
But she is always at her worst,
I find, when she observes me first.

Whene'er I stand and gaze about,
Searching a special partner out
The way one does at dances, she
Swoops down and introduces me
To someone whom it is my fate
To specially abominate.

Before this person's effigy
Within the Hall of Infamy
I'll go and dance until I tire
With whomsoever I desire.

VI.

The Playful Little Nuisance

I OFTEN love a little child
With gentle ways and manners mild,
But not in railway trains when he
Stands on the seat in front of me
And pokes, quite without charm or grace,
His little fingers in my face.

I put my paper in between,
Thus making, as it were, a screen,
But this, he gathers, means that he
Shall play at hide and seek with me,
And if I struggle to resist
He beats my paper with his fist.

So in the Hall this child I'll place
Who poked his fingers in my face,
And I shall put beside the child
The other passengers who smiled.

From the Betelgeuse Journal of Science

PROFESSOR Xzrbtyzql, director of astronomy of the Universal Academy of Sciences, has perfected an instrument by which it is possible to measure accurately the diameter of distant celestial bodies. By means of his apparatus the diameter of the Planet Earth has been determined for the first time. It is demonstrated to be about 8,000 miles in diameter, or about the size of a potato. The Commission on interspatial communication, which has for some time been planning to establish com-

munication with this planet, has dropped its project, as it is clear that even if life could exist on such a diminutive sphere it would be of too rudimentary a type to respond to or even understand such signals as could be sent.

THE most notable achievement in the field of letters is to be observed when an English author pokes fun at an American audience and gets highly paid for so doing.



"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THERE was a meeting in Carnegie Hall on the night of April 4th to punch up Congress to provide for better care for men wounded or disabled in the war. It was a good meeting for a first-rate cause. General Pershing was there and made a speech. George Wharton Pepper presided. Dr. Manning, Rabbi Silverman and Mgr. Waring offered prayers, and Hugh Frayne, Dr. Stires and Mr. Wickersham were the speakers.

There is no doubt at all that the care of the disabled and the wounded in the war has so far been a bad job, terribly entangled in red tape and dreadfully messed by incompetence. To do it as it should be done will take ability, devotion and lots of money for hospitals, sanitariums, and organization to keep track of the men to whom we owe attention and relief, and to see that they get it. Congress can supply the money. It has been, however, unconscionably slow about doing so. It is time for it to buck up and give due attention to this urgent duty. Colonel Galbraith, of the American Legion, says there are 20,000 veteran soldiers out of hospitals who should be in them having treatment and undergoing processes of restoration. The new administration seems disposed to do something about all these neglected cases, and there is nothing better worth its pains.



ONE hears of a Republican statesman, well known for his strong disapproval of our dealings with Mexico, who, before election, advised his friends who had property there to go down there and

sit on it and let the incoming administration protect them; but one hears further that after the present administration got in, the same statesman withdrew his recommends and put himself on record as of opinion that our government's policy in Mexico had been "masterly."

Now, what had happened? Nothing, but that the statesman had had to switch from criticism to reflection. He is himself part of the new administration and partly responsible for it. He could not any longer recommend his friends to take possession of their Mexican property without considering what would happen next. When he considered that, he found that the part of wisdom was to go slow. He found that force could not be used in Mexico without consequences that no one could measure; without inviting all South America to stand on its hind legs and screech; without inviting Japan to no one knows what in her dealings with her neighbors in Asia. So the statesman concluded that our policy in Mexico had not been so bad after all.

The truth is that in these curious times no responsible government wants to start anything. It will undertake police duties. England undertakes them in Ireland; but when there comes to be any meddling with neighbors, there is a preliminary call for moral support.

The Greeks and the Turks have got a local war under way, but neither the Government of Greece nor that of Turkey can be regarded as highly responsible just now. The war, is bad, very bad, bringing a new provision of waste and death into regions of southeastern Europe already abundantly supplied with calamities.

We are used, however, to bear the troubles of southeastern Europe with philosophy. Much more important to us is the coal miners' strike in England, which at this writing is looming up very ominous indeed. Coal miners in England

have long been getting wages far higher than their industry could afford, and the difference between what their work was worth and what they got has been made up by the British Government. But the British Government has no money to spare, and that particular burden became too heavy, so the mines were returned to the owners, who promptly reduced wages, as indeed they had to, since whatever wages they paid had to come out from what the mines produced. Then the miners struck. What they seem to want is that the Government shall take over the mines, and that the taxpayers shall continue to make up the annual deficit due to the disparity between the cost of what the mines produce and its value in the market.

The miners have the support of an extremely formidable organization—the "triple alliance," which consists of the railway men, the transport workers and the miners of England, who feel that if the miners' wages are reduced at the will of the mine owners, all wages in England will come down, their own included, and about that they intend to have a say, and undoubtedly will have it. So the situation may lead to a collision between the two greatest powers in England—the Government and labor.



IF British labor, represented by the "Triple Alliance," can fix its own wages and make the taxpayers pay them, then labor will be boss in England and the labor chiefs might as well move into Windsor Castle. But British labor, though very powerful,



THE CLOSED WINDOW.

is not stupid, but is led by able men, some of them quite as able as the members of the British Government. Whatever they do, they will have to consider the whole situation, and they are not likely to insist upon the impossible.

But here is a great matter up for settlement—a matter that includes fundamental questions—for there is no question more fundamental in England and elsewhere than how the wages of labor shall be fixed in this afflicted world. It is not merely a question whether the organization of labor is stronger in England than the organization of government. It is partly that, but it is also considerably a question of what is right. England is not yet so far gone but that morality—the right and wrong of things—counts there, and in a fight like a great strike, which is really an appeal to the people, to be on the side that is right is vastly important. Two or three generations ago in England a man could do what he would with his own, even though it was a coal mine, but since then the point of view has gradually changed, and the ten commandments, in their bearing on coal mines, certainly have budged. The right of property has yielded constantly more and more to a sense as to what was necessary to the public

welfare. As between capital and labor no one knows now what is right or wrong. It has got to be worked out and worked out to suit the new era—not the old one.



SO there is one great matter in process of settlement and liable to produce a drastic dislocation before it is worked out. In Washington the new administration is hard at work on another great problem—the relation of the United States to the world, and to the peace of Europe. Our country has not signed the Treaty of Versailles and nobody knows where it stands in its relation to Europe, nor what it is going to do. The new administration has got to find out, and it seems to be going about the job with activity and zeal. Presently Secretary Hughes, in conjunction with the other best minds, will work out a program which doubtless will prove to be a target at which there will be some shooting.

Just at the moment the news is that President Harding will have nothing to do with the League of Nations at all, but that he will try to work out an associa-

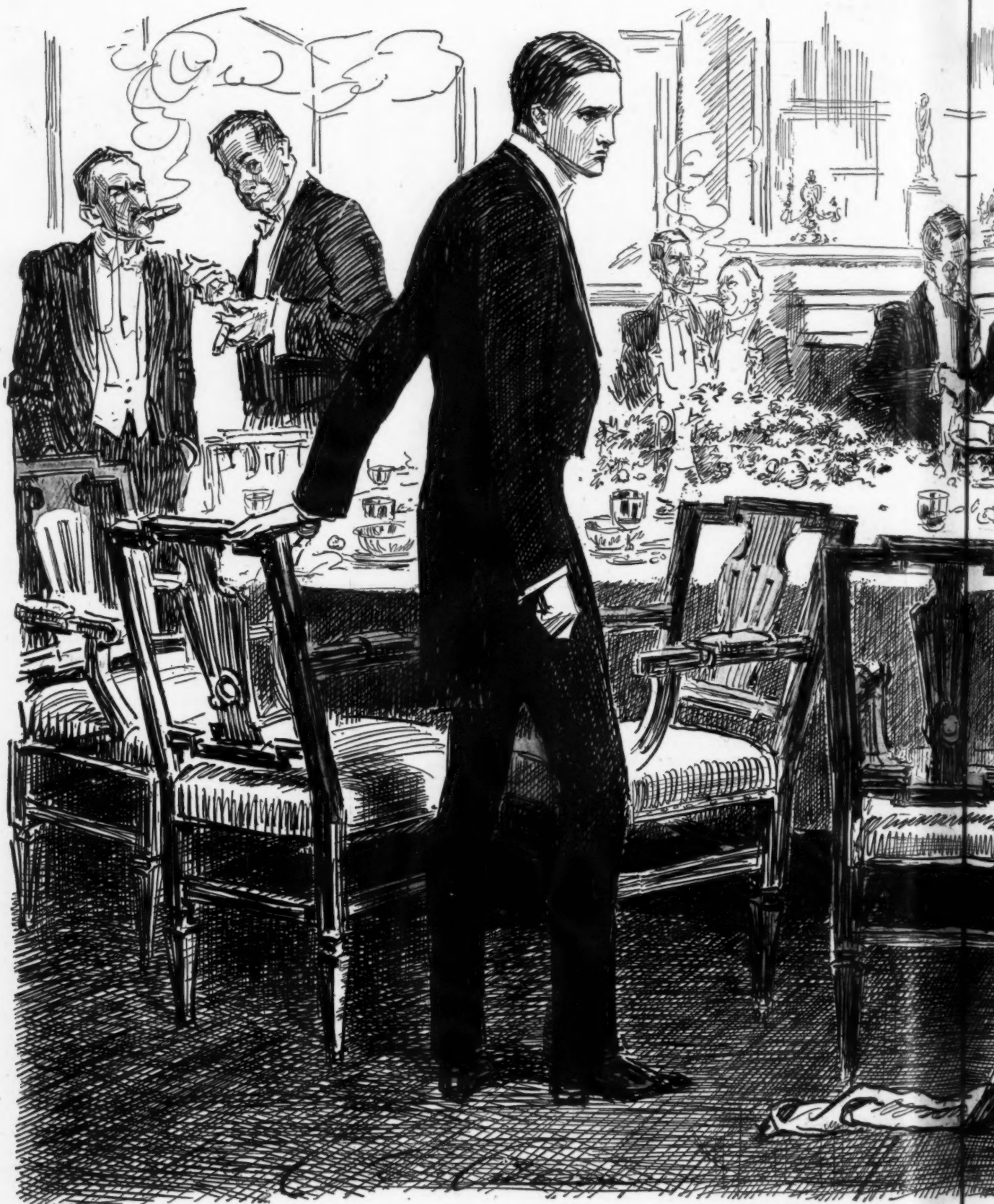
tion of nations connected with the world court at The Hague in which the United States can be a partner, and that Congress will be invited to accept and put through Mr. Knox's plan for a separate peace with Germany.

These are all important and difficult matters. We simple people, who live away from Washington and try to get along with whatever jobs we practice for a living, just have to wait and see what the sages there work out. The weather has been very nice. That has been a comfort. We have to live along in this world anyhow until we quit it, and good weather is mighty important no matter what the statesmen do. People say in some of the papers that business will be better next month—that even now there is a little less unemployment than there was.

If England has a general strike, and there should be activity about a movement here which threatens to have British trade boycotted by all the Irish workers in this town and elsewhere in the country so that ships for England cannot load, why then we may have some visible excitement right before our eyes.

It is a curious year—much safer to discuss in retrospect than in prospect.

E. S. Martin.



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People We Can Get

HER FATHER'S BUSINESS FRIENDS AND THEIR WIVES. AT ANY



We Can Get Along Without

XI
R WIVES. ANY RATE, SO THINK YOUNG MUSHLEY AND HIS FIANCÉE



Another Murder

AS propaganda against capital punishment and the theory of the infallibility of district attorneys and thumb-prints, "Nemesis" is highly effective. As thrilling melodrama it is only partially so.

No one who has seen this latest play of Augustus Thomas' can ever hear of a man's being convicted because of his thumb-prints without rushing to the telephone to call up the Governor and insist that there has been a mistake somewhere. And the next time a district attorney tries to convince us that any man at all is guilty of anything, our answer is going to be: "Eah?"

For in "Nemesis" a murderer so successfully leaves the imprint of another man's thumb on the knife (by means of a simple ruse which it will cost you only \$2.75 to learn) that the innocent man is sent to the chair by a persuasive district attorney, while the guilty one stands outside the wall of Sing Sing and taunts the Empire State of New York with being his accomplice. You'll die laughing.



THIS is a good big idea, but not quite capacious enough to hold four acts and seven scenes. And no idea would be big enough to hold the first act, in which a lot of people whose names you are constantly getting mixed sit around in evening clothes and kid each other on philosophy and psychoanalysis and quote DeQuincey with unconvincing familiarity. That line of dialogue is all right in some little art theatre which used to be an orangeade-booth, but when there is murder afoot in a man's-size auditorium, it is no time for a seminar in parlor psychiatry.

And it is no slur on the present tone of the American stage to say that it is practically impossible to assemble a large cast of actors and actresses in a drawing-room scene and set them to talking science without the lines sounding as lines sound which your little boy has learned by heart to tell the grocer. Mr. Cohan has selected a polished and accomplished cast, including more than the average number of beautiful women and several impressive-looking gentlemen, all of whom appear highly intelligent, and yet as soon as the talk becomes a little more than ankle-deep you find yourself wondering what would happen if the learned young doctor, for instance, were suddenly called upon by some one in the audience to dilate on the subject on his own hook beyond the point to which it is carried in his copy of the script.

No one need feel insulted at being told that he or she does not give a complete illusion in quoting Greek writers or look like a person who would talk psychiatry. In fact, it is preferable not to look that way. But playwrights ought to take into consideration in writing drawing-room scenes involving scientific conversation that the cast is not going to be recruited from the local chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Furthermore, the scientific and cultural conversation which Mr. Thomas has furnished his characters in the first act is of a brand to heighten the effect of the whole scene's being laid in Gopher Prairie on Gentlemen's Night of the Thanatopsis Club.



BUT once the plot is established and it is obvious that Olive Tell, as the young wife of the old silk merchant, thrills guiltily every time Pedro de Cordoba enters the room, the thing picks up. Emmett Corrigan is the old silk-merchant, and commits as quiet and matter-of-fact a murder as has been done on the local boards for some time. No fuss, no banging about. Just a momentary pressure on the larynx and a deft jab with the ever-present paper-knife (a paper-knife is never at hand when you want to cut leaves, but always when you are murdering someone. Is that right?), a dusting off of the hands with a handkerchief, followed by a careful pulling down of the waistcoat, and there you are!

But all along you never can believe that he is going really to kill Miss Tell. She looks much too attractive to die in the third act of a four-act play.

A courtroom scene also helps bring the piece to an interesting conclusion, especially with John Craig playing the District Attorney. For some reason everyone is always vitally interested in a scene in which a witness details, on oath, that he took the Lexington avenue subway at 18th street at 5:15 P. M. and got off at 51st street and walked west to Madison avenue. I say much the same thing each night when I get home, and yet no one in my family ever falls out of her seat with excitement listening to my account, as I did listening to Mr. de Cordoba tell how he came downtown on a surface car to 43rd street and went into the Biltmore to telephone. It didn't seem as if I could bear the nervous tension any longer when I heard him tell the court that he dined in a little restaurant on 44th street on the night of the murder.

For one thing we must thank Mr. Thomas, and that is that he did not, for the sake of a happy ending, have the guilty silk merchant gallop up on a horse in the last scene and rush into the death-chamber, pulling a reprieve from the governor out from his belt and crying: "Stop! You are executing an innocent man. I killed my wife, not he!"



A BENEFIT performance of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband," in which Norman Trevor played *Viscount Goring*, served as a reminder of the passing of the "show him up" school of drama. In this type of play the plot revolved around the fact that the butler was told to show some one into the next room if he came, and that it usually was the wrong person who overheard the hero say something compromising about Lady Wadleigh.

A rapid survey of the plays now running in New York reveals none that depends on showing people in for its complications. The butler in "The Green Goddess" is an important personage, it is true, but in the big showing-out scene of that play, in which he is dropped out the window into the gorge below, he is a more or less passive agent and not in a class with the diplomatic retainers of the Wilde school.

The attempt on the part of present-day playwrights to carry on the epigram contest started in the '90's, seems also to have

lost heart. For a while it looked as if everyone who wore evening clothes on the stage would sooner or later have to say, "Don't use big words, my dear Countess, they mean so little," or "Pray, my dear Lord Wimbleby, don't be so clever. Clever people are always so stupid." The trend in stage conver-

sations now is toward the "Have some creamed salmon?" of "Miss Lulu Bett," and "Haven't the Sunday papers come yet?" of "The First Year."

On the whole, it is a welcome trend. Original epigrams, my dear Duke, are so banal.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

"The Bat." *Morosco*.—The man from Headquarters in a thrilling hunt for the mysterious criminal. Bang! Bang!

"Clair de Lune." *Empire*.—To be reviewed later.

"Deburau." *Belasco*.—The sad fall of a famous pantomimist told in poetic drama splendidly produced.

"The Emperor Jones." *Princess*.—Terror reduced to its essence in Charles Gilpin's powerful acting.

"The Green Goddess." *Booth*.—George Arliss lending a distinctive villainy to a Himalayan melodrama of old but still exciting devices.

"In the Night Watch." *Century*.—Considerable talk over a little affair in the French navy and considerable noise over a spectacular sinking.

"Mary Stuart." *Ritz*.—Don't let the prologue discourage you. The play itself is a vivid character-study of Mary, Queen of Scots, for which Clare Eames poses with distinction.

"Miss Lulu Bett." *Belmont*.—The spirit of small-town Americans caught and staged in an effective dramatization of Zona Gale's remarkable novel.

"Nemesis." *Hudson*.—Reviewed in this issue.

"Romance." *Playhouse*.—Doris Keane in a continuation of her tremendous success.

"Smooth As Silk." *Frazee*.—Willard Mack in a Willard Mack melodrama.

"Spanish Love." *Maxine Elliott's*.—A trick performance of an old story.

"Review of the Classics." *Greenwich Village*.—To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

"The Bad Man." *Comedy*.—Gentlemanly justice dispensed on the Mexican border by Holbrook Blinn in the rôle of a satirical bandit.

"The Broken Wing." *Forty-Eighth St.*.—A ground-work melodrama of the air service in Mexico, containing regulation thrills.

"The Champion." *Longacre*.—All the stock laugh-getters in our nationalistic theatre thrown together and fortunately entrusted to Grant Mitchell, who

gives them an unaccustomed distinction.

"Dear Me." *Republic*.—A cheery play of the Pollyanna school, with Hale Hamilton and Grace La Rue.

"Enter Madame." *Fulton*.—Still in the lead among the light comedies of the season.

"The First Year." *Little*.—A hilarious picture of everyday life which will appeal to everyone who has ever lived at home.

"The Ghost Between." *Thirty-Ninth St.*.—A good idea gone wrong through inexperience. Arthur Byron does his share toward saving it.

"The Gold Diggers." *Lyceum*.—Ina Claire in a successful comedy of chorus-girl life.

"Ladies' Night." *Eltinge*.—After this the deluge, with lots of soap.

"Lightnin'." *Gaiety*.—Running until every one in the country has seen it twice.

"Little Old New York." *Plymouth*.—A very nice little play indeed, all about New York in 1810.

"Mr. Pim Passes By." *Garrick*.—Mild English comedy made actively delightful by Laura Hope Crews.

"Nice People." *Klaw*.—A study of modern youth motoring along the primrose path, interesting at the sharp turns.

"Peg o' My Heart." *Cort*.—Laurette Taylor back again.

"Rollo's Wild Oat." *Punch and Judy*.—Roland Young playing half a Hamlet in Clare Kummer's delicious trifle.

"The Tavern." *George M. Cohan*.—Romantic drama kidded until it can't stand up in the most original burlesque of the age.

"Three Live Ghosts." *Nora Bayes*.—Amusing, in spite of its connection with the war. You remember the war?

"Toto." *Bijou*.—Leo Ditrichstein doing the conventional great loving in a play which was hardly worth translating from the French.

"Welcome Stranger." *Sam H. Harris*.—Race prejudice as a business liability, shown in an interesting rustic drama well acted by George Sidney.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

"Blue Eyes." *Shubert*.—Lew Fields and Mollie King in something that ought to be better for their sakes.

"Century Midnight Rounders." *Century Roof*.—Nothing to sit up for.

"Good Times." *Hippodrome*.—A great big show for comparatively little money.

"Irene." *Vanderbilt*.—The big success of musical comedy history.

"It's Up To You." *Casino*.—Almost good.

"Lady Billy." *Liberty*.—A great deal of Mitzi. Suit yourself.

"Love Birds." *Apollo*.—Rooney and Bent giving imitations of themselves as they used to be in vaudeville.

"Mary." *Knickerbocker*.—Last week of this tuneful piece, which has been running at high speed ever since Fall.

"Passing Show of 1921." *Winter Garden*.—There ought to be something somewhere here that you will like. The trouble is in knowing when it is coming so as to avoid the rest.

"The Right Girl." *Times Square*.—Lasts about two hours and a quarter.

"The Rose Girl." *Ambassador*.—If it weren't for Lydia Lopokova, you would hardly call it distinguished.

"Sally." *New Amsterdam*.—What with Leon Errol and Marilyn Miller and some good tunes, you don't have to look much farther.

"Tip Top." *Globe*.—Even if you don't like the book there is a great deal of pleasing music, and Fred Stone.



DORIS KEANE IN "ROMANCE."

Disillusioned

I WAS walking, on a sunny afternoon
Under the Elms, along Pennsylvania Avenue,
Lined with splendid buildings
And pulsating with beautiful motor cars,
In which were women smartly gowned,
And men, distinguished-looking and immaculate;
And sight-seeing autos containing eager visitors
From the Provinces,
Following with enchanted eyes
The points of interest and charming panoramas.
And I longed to feel once more, like them,
That thrill of pride and joy
When I first saw Washington,
The noble Capital of my Country,
From the Hurricane Deck of a sight-seeing car,
And before I learned, through hard experience,
That these same Marble Porticoes
Hide colleges of War and State
Where men are taught the gentle art of
PASSING THE BUCK;



LOCAL GOSSIP

MARTY OAKMAN sed he heerd a robin last month and considerabul intrust wuz stirred up on ercount uv its bein' so early in the season. But when Deacon Whittaker gut to askin' erbout it, an' Marty wuz a-tellin' uv him uv the warblin's and trillin's, he let on thet his nateral hist'ry observations wuz made when he wuz a-takin' hum a jug o' sider from Dan Turner's.

The Deacon finished up his investigatin' of little robin red-breast by goin' up to Marty's an' samplin' the evidence.

He sez he reckons Marty wuz doin' the heft uv the wobblin'!

And that in its lovely Palaces
dwell the
Deadly Vampires of Red Tape,
Who lure one on and on, until
He is so miserably enmeshed
That he can only be rescued by a
Miracle
Or by a Chief Executive.
And now these simple folk
Think the luxurious motors hold
favored and Royal Women
From all the Capitals of the
World.
Whereas I know that they are
only
LOBBYISTS,
And that those whom they see
gliding by
In handsome limousines,
And think to be distinguished
Diplomats and Senators,
I know, from knowledge dearly
bought, to be only
BOOTLEGGERS.

Larry Kent.

Hard to Find

LIBRARIAN: What kind of book do you want—fictional, historical, philosophical—?

PATRON: Oh, any kind that H. G. Wells hasn't written.

LIBRARIAN: We have none!



"WOULD YE CARE TO BE IN THOT, JOHN?"
"I'D TRUST ME SOWL TO IT IF IT WAS GOING THOT WAY,
BUT ME BODY—I DUNNO!"



IF DREAMS CAME TRUE
CRUEL FATE OF A BIG POLICEMAN WHO BROKE UP THE BALL
CAME IN THE BACK LOT.



Unfamiliar Anniversaries—No. 4.

By TENGREN

Mohammed and the Mountain

SUNDAY, April 17th, was allowed to slip quietly by, with no recognition of the fact that it marked the one thousand, three hundred and thirty-second anniversary of Mohammed's widely quoted conversation with a mountain.

It seems that the great prophet of Islam was showing off his line of miracles for the fall and winter trade to a select circle of followers, when suddenly, and for no apparent reason, he turned to a neighboring eminence and casually commanded it, "Come hither." The mountain greeted this speech with stony silence; and for one awkward moment it looked as though

Mohammed had overestimated his powers of persuasion.

But he wasn't a prophet for nothing. He wouldn't let any stupid pile of mineral matter get the better of him. No, sir! So—quick as a flash—he delivered the now famous remark: "Well, if the mountain won't come to Mohammed, by heck, Mohammed will go to the mountain."

This brilliant bit of repartee is still employed by those who find themselves similarly stumped. Moreover, the expression of supreme self-satisfaction on Mohammed's countenance seems to indicate that he himself was not unmindful of the fact that he had pulled a pretty darned good wheeze.

THE SILENT DRAMA

The Whistle

EVERY now and then some helpful friend comes up to William S. Hart and says, "Bill—old scout—it's about time for you to ease up on these Wild West pictures of yours; give 'em something different for a change." Whereupon Bill—remembering the porter scene in "Macbeth"—goes to the effete East in search of dramatic relief.

In "The Whistle," he touches on the conflict between capital and labor, as exemplified in a small New England town (notable for its wealth of palmettos and other forms of semi-tropical verdure). Bill Hart, of course, represents Labor, in its truest-bluest form, as opposed to Capital, at its blackest. He is *Robert Evans*, who, with his son *Danny*, labors in the mill of *Henry Chapple*, a relentless maker of dollars and breaker of souls. It so happens that much of the machinery in the mill is defective, due to the avarice of the owner, with the result that young *Danny* is caught in some leather belting, with disastrous results. His father then proceeds to kidnap *Chapple's* baby, as a means of avenging the death of his own son.

Up to this point, the picture resembles an animated cartoon from the *Liberator*; and, say what you will about the theory of the thing, it is extremely good drama. Toward the end, however, mawkish sentiment is allowed to intrude, and the subtitle writer cuts loose with such effusions as, "*Proof of an age-old adage—the love bond.*" The action of the piece stumbles over several anti-climaxes, and limps to an ineffective finish.

Hart gives a fine performance of a difficult rôle—but, personally, we shall be just as happy if he sticks to the saddle and six-shooters and leaves dramatic relief to the people who don't know how to ride.

Puppets of Fate

THE long arm of coincidence has been used in all sorts of stories and plays—and in real life, as well, we are told—but it remained for the author of "Puppets of Fate" to endow coincidence with as many long arms as an octopus.

The story concerns a young Italian couple who operate a Punch and Judy theatre in Venice (note to organist:—send for professional copies of the "Barcarole," "O Sole Mio" and "Good-a Bye, John"). Viola Dana, as the wife, tells her husband to go seek a fortune in America. After he has been away for some time, she begins to grow restive, and decides to follow him; but, how to pay her steamship fare? Ah! ask us something difficult. Fate—in the person of an accommodating continuity writer—places a wallet in her path—a wallet fairly bulging with bank notes. In the meantime, her husband has been having troubles of his own, until the same continuity writer permits him to stumble over almost the same wallet—bulging with the same wealth of bank notes. What could be simpler?

"Puppets of Fate" includes many other freaks of luck—some advantageous, and some decidedly otherwise. The picture itself may be listed in the latter category.

King-Queen-Joker

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is noted for his restraint. He never quite lets himself go. He rarely follows up his custard pie with a shower of bricks.

It is unfortunate that this trait does not run in the Chaplin family. Brother Sid, in "King-Queen-Joker," acts and over-



acts more per foot of film than Charlie does in six reels. As a result, this long comedy, which starts out to be a glorious burlesque of the Graustark type of story, is literally acted to death—and the first outburst of mirth gradually gives way to extreme irritation, followed by ennui.

Mr. Sid Chaplin should take in a performance of "The Kid."

Roads of Destiny

AS written by O. Henry, "Roads of Destiny" was a first-rate short story; as dramatized by Channing Pollock, it was a second-rate play (distinguished by Florence Reed's fine acting); and now, following its career of shame, it has sunk to the level of a third-rate movie.

The reasons for this are fairly obvious. In the first place, O. Henry's theme was one which did not lend itself to interpretation in the narrow confines of the stage, so that Pollock's task was a difficult one. He was forced to change the idea materially, and most of the value of the original story was lost in this process of metamorphosis.

The same problems, however, did not confront the scenario writer who adapted "Roads of Destiny" for the screen. He could have made a nearly literal transcription of O. Henry's story, using the actual scenes at the crossroads of destiny with remarkable effect. Instead of which, he saw fit to concentrate on Channing Pollock's play—and the result of his efforts is indicated in paragraph one. The identity of this adapter is unknown to us (it may have been Mr. Pollock himself), but, whoever he was, he deserves a citation for inexcusable boneheadedness.

Pauline Frederick has the Florence Reed rôle, and makes the most of her occasional opportunities, but the rest of the cast is undistinguished, and the production for the most part is ineffective and crude.

A Review of Reviews

IN the May 5th issue of LIFE, we shall publish a guide to the current pictures. Approximately one hundred films will be listed—with brief comment about each—so that those who are gullible enough to take our word for it will know what to patronize and avoid at their local movie palaces this summer.

Religious Tolerance

A CHURCH has recently been founded in Berwick, Pa., at which all are welcome to come and worship—with the trifling exception of those who have ever touched alcohol or tobacco, played cards, danced, read Sunday newspapers, indulged in flirtations (mild or otherwise), or attended any form of theatrical or motion picture entertainment.—*News Item.*

Boy—dust off that "S. R. O." sign.

Robert E. Sherwood.

For review next week—"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Passion Flower," "The City of Silent Men," and "The Little Clown."



"THERE! YE SEE WHAT COMES FRUM INTERRUPTIN' A TRAFFIC COP WITH A FOOL QUESTION."



IN THE GRAND CANYON

"JUST THINK, ROSE, IT HAS TAKEN THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS FOR THAT RIVER TO WEAR DOWN THROUGH THAT ROCK."
"THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS? WHY, THIS IS ONLY 1921."



CHARITY AT HOME

"WILLIAM! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
"I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO HELP THAT D— MUSIC STUDENT HUNT FOR THE LOST CHORD."

An Acknowledgment

AT the end of a considerable and skillfully conducted litigation, LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has received from the estate of the late James Buchanan Brady, popularly known as "Diamond Jim," a bequest of five thousand dollars. After the payment of the transfer tax and the addition of interest, the net amount received is \$5,609.35. This will be added to the principal of the Fund and its income will for all time provide fresh air vacations for a number of children of the city poor.

The litigation was caused by the failure of the testator to identify the object of his benevolent intentions with sufficient clearness. Bequests should be made simply to "LIFE's Fresh Air Fund."

In behalf of the Fund, LIFE wishes to express to the law firm of Spencer, Ordway and Wierum, and especially to Mr. Otto C. Wierum, its appreciation of their services, which were rendered absolutely without charge. Very delicate legal questions were involved, necessitating much preparation and several appearances in court. Reduced to money terms all this represents a very handsome contribution to the good work of the Fund.

From S. Wilbur Corman, Esq., of New York City, the Fund has received an enclosure of two hundred dollars to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 188
In the name of NANCY CORMAN.

From interest on balances, overdue coupons, differences between par and the market cost of bonds and other miscellaneous sources, there has arisen an accumulation of endowment monies which has made possible the purchase of bonds to establish eight more Endowments which will bear the numbers 189 to 196 inclusive. These Endowments will carry no special designations, but each one will provide in perpetuity a fortnight's fresh air vacation for some poor child as an additional benefaction of all those who have contributed to the establishment of the other Endowments.

From a contributor who wishes to remain anonymous the bonds have been received to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 197

In memory of the happy wedding anniversaries of GEORGE GELSTON MOORE and HARRIET FANSHAW MOORE.

It may reasonably be expected from the absolutely reliable generosity of LIFE's readers that between now and August funds will be received to establish three more Endowments, making the total number two hundred. With the increased facilities supplied by the new dormitory it will be possible to care for two hundred children at a time, so one of the fortnights in August will be devoted to an Endowment Party, each of two hundred poor children from the city being the two-weeks' guest of one of the two hundred Fresh Air Endowments. And it would not be surprising if the founder of the Endowment received some word of acknowledgment from its particular child guest.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan bonds, or their equivalent, should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation the donor chooses.



PROFESSOR BRONTOSAUR, THE EMINENT ARCHAEOLOGIST, DOES A LITTLE SPRING TRAINING ON THE HOME GROUNDS.

Mr. Harding's Dog

THE man who sent President Harding an Airedale terrier made a fairly good guess as to the kind of dog that would best fit into the Washington environment. The Airedale comes from the north of England, however, and in summer Mr. Harding must take him to a colder climate. It would be better to send him by water, and doubtless a battleship can be obtained for this purpose, although a cruiser has more deck room for exercise.

The Airedale has long legs for his body (compared with the spaniel and the dachshund), and needs exercise. If Mr. Harding will employ a senator to take him over the Capitol once a day, he will get all the exercise he wants and the senator will be engaged in doing something useful.

PROFESSOR: Why don't you take the Greek course?
STUDENT: I don't intend to open a fruit stand.



Red the Dip: YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN!



LAFAYETTE

WE HAVE UNDERTAKEN to build the very finest car that we can . . . Aiding us in this work are our own ideals, and every material factor essential to good manufacture . . . The men who have to do with making the car, with its sale, and particularly, now, those who own it, tell us our product is without equal in their experience . . . Certainly this is precisely the result to which we have spent our energy and our time

LaFayette Open Cars, \$5625 at Indianapolis

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Passionate Encyclopedia Britannica Reader to His Love

As And to Aus, and Aus to Bis;
As Hus to Ita, and Ita to Kys;
As Pay to Pol, and Pol to Ree;
Ah, that is how you are to me!

As Bis to Cal, and Cal to Cha;
As Edw to Eva, and Eva to Fra;
As Ref to Sai, and Sai to Shu;
That is, I hope, how I'm to you.

—New York Tribune.

The Children's Hour

MISTRESS: Janet, will you please take
Bobbie to the movies this afternoon.

MAID: Yes, ma'am. Shall I take him to
see "Why Women Sin" at the Gaiety, or
"Wives and Co-respondents" at the Bijou?

—Film Fun.

CHEER up, Warren! The first hundred
jeers are the hardest.

—Nashville Tennessean.



"LOOK, BARONESS, MY HORSE HAS
WON THE RACE."

"I CONGRATULATE YOU."

"NOT ME—MY CREDITORS."
Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).

No Need of Padding

MR. LACEGOODS: By George, we can make
out a traveling expense account in our office
now without getting our finance frenzied.

MR. LEATHERGOODS: How do you get
away with it?

MR. LACEGOODS: We just put down play-
ing fees, caddie charges and lost balls in
plain black and white. You see, the boss
has lately fallen for golf like a thousand
of brick.—American Golfer.

Playing Up to It

MRS. A.: Your expression lately has been
so peculiar. It's almost weird. What's the
matter?

MRS. B.: I've had my portrait painted by
one of those Impressionists and I am try-
ing to look like it.—Boston Transcript.

'Best Wishes

From the Monitor (Ala.) News:

Our fellow townsman, J. H. Galbraith, is
confined to his bed with sciatica. We hope
this is the last spasm.

Nobody's Safe

The most dangerous thing about a widow
is her predilection for marrying the innocent
bystander.—Kansas City Star.

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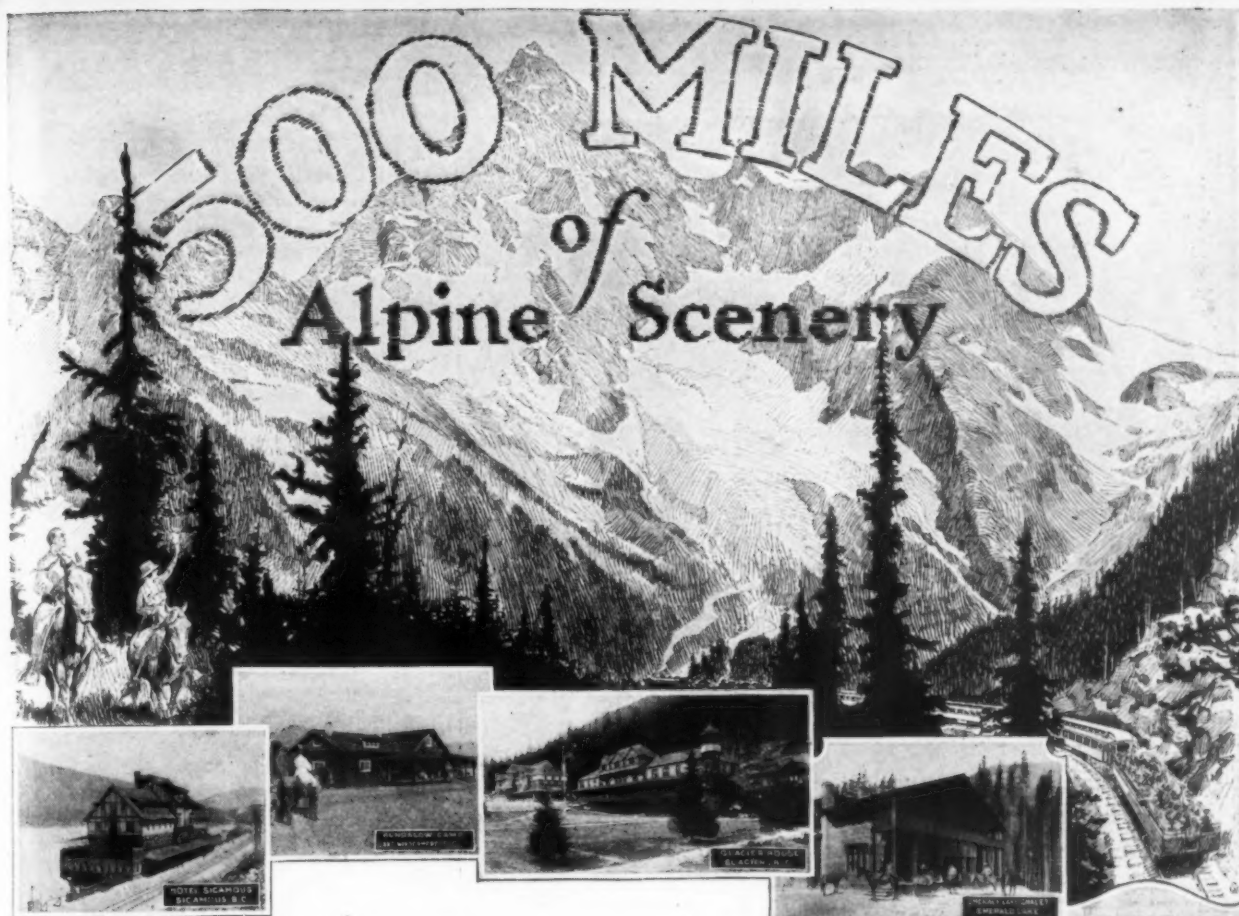
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to the date of issue to be affected.



An Announcement

The Daimler Company has made special provision for the service and convenience of its patrons who intend to tour in Europe this season. ¶ The Company's Landaulets and open Touring Cars, each accommodating six persons besides the driver, are unrivalled for their smooth and reliable running, dignified appearance, and spacious and luxurious comfort. The Company's chauffeurs are not just skilled drivers or mechanics, but gentlemen's trained servants. To those traveling in France, Italy, Spain or other European countries, are assigned drivers who speak the necessary language, and are as conversant with passport and fiscal regulations as with the local customs and peculiarities of the countries it is proposed to visit. ¶ Those touring under Daimler direction escape the manifold discomforts and disconcerting delays of European train service. ¶ Clients will be met at London, Southampton or Cherbourg, and the entire conduct of their tour undertaken by the Daimler Company, until the hour of disembarkation. ¶ For particulars apply to the American Express Travel Department, 65 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Daimler



All Aboard for Canada's Alpine Play-Ground So Easy to Reach

DO you want the thrill of your life—sports and outdoor activities in Alpine settings of startling grandeur? Then plan to spend your vacation in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, that Mountain Garden of the Giants—Five hundred miles of uninterrupted mountain scenery from Banff to Victoria, B. C.

From June to September the Canadian Pacific Rockies offer you romantic trails to explore afoot or on horse-back, roads for tally-ho or motor, ice capped peaks and glaciers for climbing, golf and tennis, lakes and mountain streams alive with trout, big game hunting with camera, or with rifle in the Fall. A chain of luxurious hotels from Banff and Lake Louise to Vancouver and Victoria, with mountain chalets at Glacier and Emerald Lake, bungalow camps at Field and Lake Windermere.

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is an education
in itself.*

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for particulars.*

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Cleveland, O.	1040 Prospect Ave.
Detroit, Mich.	1239 Griswold St.
Los Angeles, Cal.	606 South Spring St.
Minneapolis, Minn.	611 Second Ave. South
New York, N. Y.	1231 B'way, cor. 30th St. Cor. Madison Ave. & 64th St. after June 1st
Philadelphia, Pa.	629 Chestnut St.
Pittsburg, Pa.	340 Sixth Ave.
Portland, Ore.	56 Third St.
St. Louis, Mo.	418 Locust St.
San Francisco, Cal.	675 Market St.
Seattle, Wash.	608 Second Ave.
Tacoma, Wash.	1113 Pacific Ave.
Washington, D. C.	1419 New York Ave.



What Chicago Means to the World

Chicago is the storehouse of the nation. It supplies the world with much of its food, clothing, and machinery. Its services are universal, its wealth and commodities are transported to the four corners of the earth. The Continental and Commercial Banks are qualified in resources, facilities, and experience to help the city serve the world.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS CHICAGO

Over \$55,000,000 Invested Capital

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

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"Plain End or Cork Tip"

People of culture and
refinement invariably
PREFER Deities
to any other cigarette

30¢

Margaritas Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Dangers of Intellect

A worried mother living in the East Side of New York wrote to her boy's teacher as follows:

"Please do not push Tommy too hard, for so much of his brains is intellect that he

ought to be held back a good deal or he will run to intellect entirely, and I do not desire it. So please hold him back so as to keep his intellect from getting bigger than his body and injuring him for life."

—Boston Transcript.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



How the Parson Figured It

After a sermon by an old colored preacher, one of the brethren said to him:

"Br'er Jenkins, how fur off, you reckon, hell is?"

"How old is you, Br'er Thomas?" asked the preacher.

"Well, suh, ef I don't miss my kalkerlations I is sixty-fo'."

"Well," said the preacher, "w'en you wuz born inter dis worl', hell wuz jes' sixty-fo' years off, an' all I got ter say is, ef you ain't in sight er it now, it ain't yo' fault!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

Viva Voce

BLOKE: Who was that fellow you talked to so long on the corner?

SOAK: He was my old barkeeper.

BLOKE: What did he say?

SOAK: He said, "No."

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

lectus

Albertus Stone, *Valensius*,

A magnus homo fuit;

His socii, unanimi,

Dixerunt that he knew it.

Albertus flunked *Historiam*;

Expulsus est to *domo*,

Et nunc he est ad Rosenbaum,

A sad sed wiser homo.

—Yale Record.

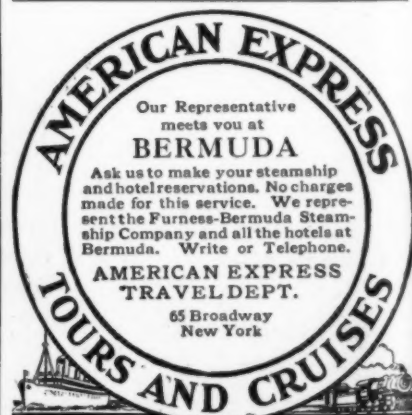
Modern Lying

A Sunday school teacher asked a small girl the other day why Ananias was so severely punished. The little one thought a minute, then answered: "Please, teacher, they weren't so used to lying in those days."

—London Morning Post.

To Whom It May Concern

A man is known by the companies he promotes.—Jack Canuck (Toronto).



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Jim Henry's Column

Regarding Women

I can't believe it means anything that reflects on my personal life, but I have been enjoying lately an extraordinarily large correspondence with women.

Here is a sample:

Dear Jim: (Positively, I don't know the woman).

"I think you are real mean. You must have known that your Mennen Shaving Cream is the most perfect complexion soap in the world—wonderfully cleansing but more like cold cream in its after effects—yet you have never breathed a word of it.

"I discovered it by accident on an automobile tour when there wasn't any soap in the country hotel and I had to use my husband's shaving cream."

(The next eight pages were in the same vein.)

Another woman shampoos her baby with Mennen's.

Now I protest that such liberties are all wrong. Do you suppose that men are going to pay 50 cents for a big tube of Mennen's if all the women in the house are going to treat it as a household utility?

They have adopted our clothes and jobs and recreations and politics and bad habits, but I insist that they leave our shaving tools alone.

Of course, they are right in saying that Mennen's is an absolutely pure, bland soap without a trace of free caustic. That is why Mennen lather is so soothing—I might almost say healing.

But it was created for just one purpose—scientifically to reduce a man's beard to a condition of relaxation

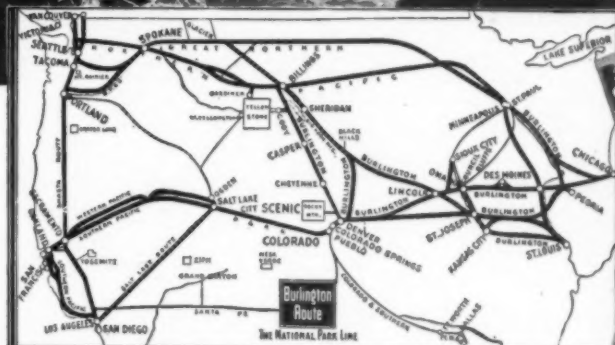
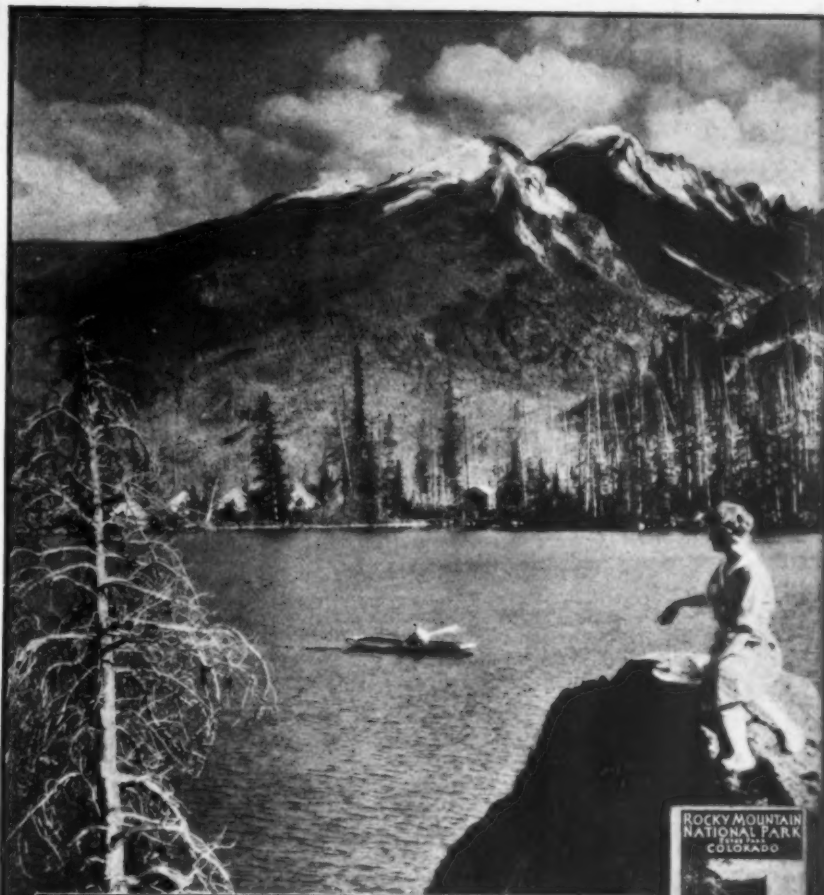
so that the razor simply removes the lather—you aren't conscious of any beard pruning at all.

Send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube. Use plenty of water and don't rub in the lather with your fist. Above all, don't tell your wife.

and afterwards—
Mennen
Talcum
for Men
—it doesn't
show—

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN
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SCENIC
COLORADO
& UTAH

YELLOWSTONE
NATIONAL PARK

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NATIONAL PARK

All the West is Vacation Land

Write now for free booklet

In the West there are a hundred wonder-regions awaiting you this vacation-time—each different. Send for the free book about the place that interests you:

Colorado—"The Playground of the Nation," and Utah, "The Promised Land."

Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park—a natural, wild and beautiful immensity of outdoors, a refuge of peaceful beauty, a haven of quietness.

Yellowstone Park—spectacular, mysterious—"The Wonder-Geyser-Land of America."

Glacier Park—exciting in its vastness, terrific in its grandeur—home of the Blackfoot Indians.

The West is a fascinating picture-book whose pages you

may turn a lifetime and always find something new, something thrilling. Beside the great parks and Colorado playgrounds, there are, for instance: the romantic Big Horn Mountains, the historic "Buffalo Bill" country in Wyoming; South Dakota's Black Hills, the charmed land of the Pacific Northwest and glorious California.

Go, when your fancy dictates, one way and return another, at no extra cost—stay as long as you desire. The map shows how the Burlington just naturally fits in to advantage.

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Passenger Traffic Manager
C. B. & Q. R. R.
Chicago

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Retail Price \$8.00 SHOES Reduced

Special Shoes \$10.00 || Special Shoes \$6.00

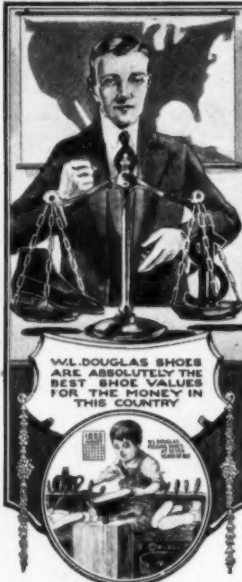
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Stylish and Durable

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE STAMPED PRICE IS W. L. DOUGLAS PERSONAL GUARANTEE THAT THE SHOES ARE ALWAYS WORTH THE PRICE PAID FOR THEM

YOU CAN ALWAYS
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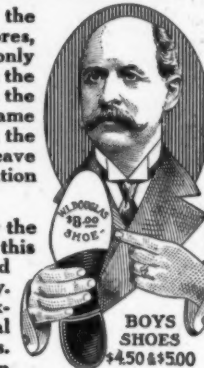
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W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.



W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Sure Relief



A Strange Search—A lady was sitting in the garden with the family stocking basket beside her, and was examining the holes in her little boy's socks, when the old gardener came by with his wheelbarrow. "What beats me," he remarked, "is you ladies. Always lookin' for what you don't want to find!"—*London Morning Post*.

The Retainer—First Laboring Man: Wot's a minimum wage, Albert?
Second Ditto: Wot yer gets for goin' to yer work. If yer wants ter make a bit more yer does a bit o' work for it.—*Punch*.

MOTORS 1/4 HP 110 VAC. 60-C.S.P. 1750 R.P.M. 22 75
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WELL, WHY NOT?

by Thomas L. Masson

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The Courtesy Title—Charles: Girls wish they were men.
Herbert: Why do you say that?
"Because spinsters like to call themselves 'bachelor girls,' but no bachelor ever calls himself an 'old-maid man.'"
—*Answers (London)*.

Unseen, Unheard—Teacher: What does a well-bred child do when a visitor calls to see her mother?
Child: Me—I go play in the street.
—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

April

RAIN-PEARLS on the window pane!
Violets in the vale again!
Lusty robins in the rain!
April! here again!

Fickle weather winds the vane;
Trembling clouds break o'er the grain
Sifting sunshine through the rain:
April! here again!

Green grass nodding on the plain,
Snowdrops languid in the lane,
All of winter on the wane:
April! here again!

J. D. W. S.

Home Thoughts—"What does your husband do when he's at home?"
"He thinks of new ways to make money."
"And what do you do?"
"Oh, I think of new ways to spend it."
—*Hojas Selectas (Barcelona)*.

"At Home"—Caller: Visitors, don't you think, always provide pleasure?
Hostess (brightening): Yes—if not when they come, at least when they go.
—*Le Rire (Paris)*.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

foresaw, when a youth, the great necessity for conserving and caring for his already weakened vision. Had he not early in life placed the care of his eyes in the hands of specialists he never could have attained the national success that came to him later.

Vision efficiency and personal success go hand in hand and the surest way to have good eyesight is to care for it while you have it. Visit your Optometrist periodically and let him see that your eyes are in good condition. If you do not know an

Optometrist—write to this office and we will tell you several near you.



Associated Optometrists
of America, Inc.
Home Office 209 1/2 E. Broad St.,
Richmond, Va.

His Father's Suit—A boy of eight entered the witness-box in tremendous boots, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at the ankles, and a swallow-tail coat that swept the floor.

"Why are you dressed like that?" asked the judge, both amazed and amused.

The boy took from his pocket the summons and pointed solemnly to the words: "To appear in his father's suit."—*Tit-Bits*.

A Vanished Ideal—Returning from the funeral, Widow Smith, in tears, to her sympathetic neighbor, Mrs. Brown: My pore, pore ole Bill, he were a very good 'usbin to me.

Mrs. Brown: Yes, that I know he was. He was quite a pre-war 'usbin!

—*London Morning Post*.

Critical—The Charwoman's Husband (at door): The missis is very ill, ma'am, and won't be able to come this week.

Lady: Oh, I am sorry, George. Nothing very serious, I hope?

The Charwoman's Husband: Well, ma'am, she was so bad last night I 'ad to go to the pictures by myself.—*Punch*.



Bring Me A City!

Heeding no barrier of river, mountain, forest or desert; unmindful of distance; the telephone has spread its network of communication to the farthest outposts of our country.

The ranchman, a score of miles from his nearest neighbor, a hundred miles from the nearest town, may sit in the solitude of his prairie home and, at will, order the far-distant city brought to him. And the telephone obeys his command.

Time and space become of small account when, through desire or necessity, you would call across a continent.

This is what the "Long

Distance" service of the Bell telephone has accomplished for you; what science in construction has created; and what efficiency of workers has maintained.

You take the telephone as much for granted as you do the wonder of the changing seasons. You accept as a matter of course the company's ability to keep all the parts of this great nation in constant contact.

By so doing you offer a fine tribute to the Bell organization which has created this "Long Distance" service—a service no other country has attempted to equal.



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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service
And all directed toward Better Service



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"SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE"

For the Lawyer—Amusement—He laughs at both sides of the case.

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**A danger signal—
tender and bleeding gums**



HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

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A hat to carry you through the Summer or a welcome change off from your straw.

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JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
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Our Own Private Life Lines

Don't read this. There's a dollar involved.

Warning: Your Dollar *and* your Life.

To read this may cost you a dollar.

It may cost you a dollar to read this.

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Dr. to Mr. _____ \$1. For reading this.

Please remit one dollar after reading this.

The Wives' Number is coming; also the Husbands'. Price (with 10 others) \$1.

Here is our *exact offer* (open only to new subscribers): For one dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40), we will send LIFE for three months to any address. (No subscriptions renewed at this rate.) 175

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OMAR

CIGARETTES

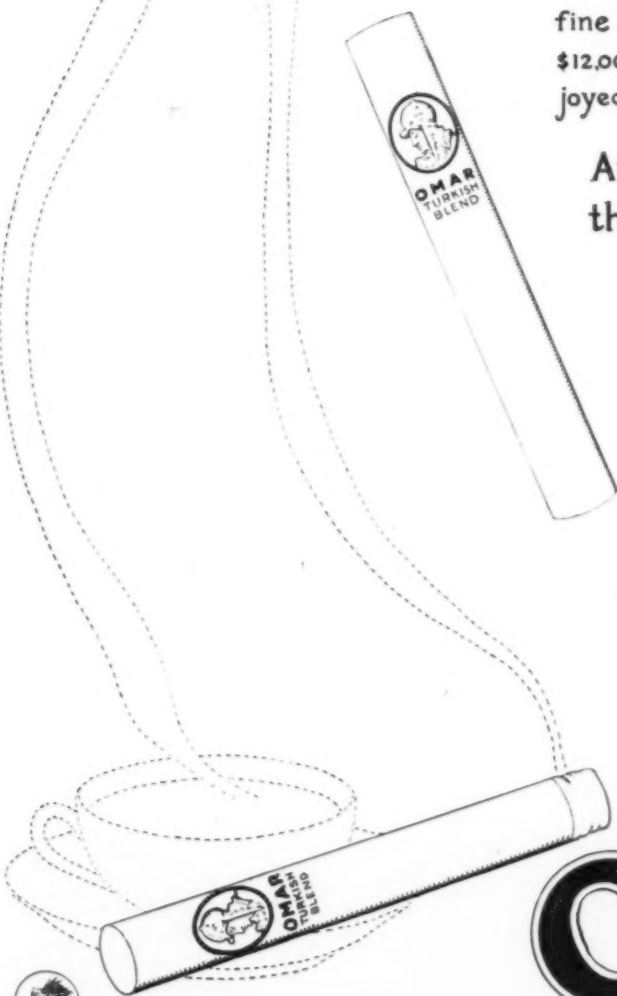
"Smoke Omar for Aroma"

The same thing you look for in a cup of fine coffee — AROMA — is what made OMAR such a big success.

OMAR is as enjoyable as a cup of fine coffee.

\$12,000,000 of OMAR AROMA enjoyed last year (and still growing)

Aroma makes a cigarette —
they've told you that for years



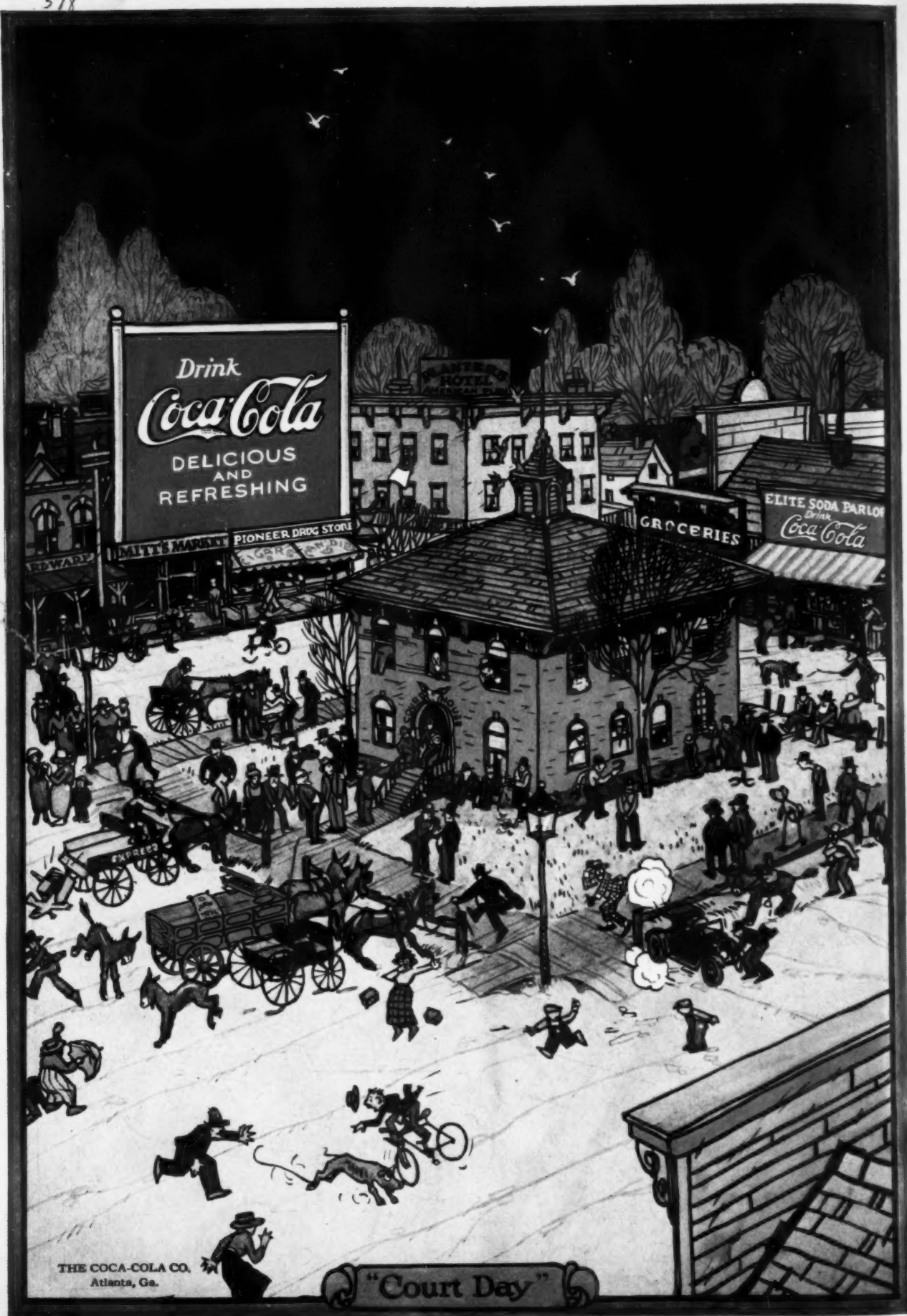
OMAR

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"Court Day"